

SOCIAL GRIEVANCES.

SERVANTS.



YOU are quite right, my gentle Public. It must have come to this, sooner or later. "The sooner 'tis over, the sooner to sleep." Come, confess! Have I ever been dull, or bored you, or been melancholy myself—except, perhaps, at the wedding breakfast? Have I ever for one moment caused you to imagine that the author of these sketches is Dr. Cumming, or our own Tupper—no, I did not write the articles in the *Saturday* upon him—or Miss Dr. Somebody, or a bishop, or the late

editor of the *Morning Advertiser*, or Beales, M.A.—or, indeed, the Prime Minister? Never, I am sure.

In my soberest moments, a graceful fancy has thus prevented my degenerating into a too stern morality; and I have always endeavoured to be lively, even when obliged to be severe. But I warn my readers that there are some subjects which require to be handled with a solemnity and seriousness that forbid levity. Oh! I see it—it has been staring me in the face the last ten minutes, the title of this paper. I have made up my mind to have it out; and yet here I am trembling

on the edge of the chair, not daring to trust myself to its inhospitable arms. And supposing I am caught! Suppose the housemaid casts her detective orbs over these pages. Suppose—but that is too horrible—the butler stealthily advancing from behind, and peeping over my shoulder. I have not got a looking-glass opposite me; but I am sure I am looking as terrified as old Sir Prenny Smiffkins did, when I surprised him in the coffee-room at the Round Table, at three o'clock in the afternoon, when all the servants were downstairs, taking a choice and select lunch gratis off the tit-bits of the cold fowls ranged on the sideboard, with red cabbage, pickle, and bread, and the house beer.

Nonsense. Am I in my own house, or not? Am I master, or is Mrs. Gadabout mistress, of the establishment? I cannot honestly declare that either is. It may suit the convenience of my cook that I should dine at eight o'clock; and the butler, that my favourite beverage is claret. But if I preferred dining at a quarter to nine, and Hungarian to the Médocian vintage? How then? Ha, ha!—I should lose them. I don't care about the butler. But the cook—the darling, the precious, the invaluable, the adorable! Don't be alarmed, madam. He gave me warning last year because I took him for the Ascot week to my cottage on the Heath, where I was entertaining a small but select circle. The second day he came to me with tears in his eyes—

"To oblige his dear patron—the Mécénars of his art, the director of his conscience culinary—he had consented to pass himself of the delights of his stall of orchestra at Covent Garden, and of the ballets of that ravishing Arlambra! Did he make obstacles to accompany Monsieur to his campagne? No. But he had figured to himself a different landscape. He had dreamt a delicious turf, sown here and there with tufts of trees and flowers; of groves, where the nightingale's



song of love, assisted by the smoke of a pure Londres of real Havanna, should refresh a brain which had begun to spoil itself in the service of Monsieur. Ah! what horror!—that arid plain, recalling the home of the Kabyle. Was he a Zouave, to recreate himself in sand? No! he was artist, poet—what will you? A poet! Ah, such a spot did the divine Williams imagine in his *drame* of 'Markbetts,' when the infernal sisters confectioned their *potage à la Canidia*. A *nostalgie*, an ill of country menaced him. He quitted me with regrets—oh! with regrets, well sure; nevertheless, he must assure me of his distinguished consideration."

Of course, I wasn't going to lose such a man for such a trifle; and he returned to his opera and ballet, engaging to send down a substitute.

Who are these mysterious people? Where do they come from? Who were their fathers and mothers? Are they of noble birth or lineage, and enter service, as the Knights of Malta, under a vow? What gives them their appetites? Why are they so particular and frequent in their meals? I don't carry out the following programme in my own case:—*Something* when they get up; breakfast at eight; lunch, a morsel (!!) of bread and cheese and beer, at eleven; dinner at one; tea at five; supper at nine. I fancy they measure their rank among themselves by the yards of provisions they swallow. I don't keep a large establishment myself—a cook, butler and two servants in livery, housekeeper, lady's-maid, three housemaids, two kitchen-maids, three laundry-maids, coachman, groom, and a couple of helpers; but I confess, when I have them in on Sunday evenings for the purpose of prayer and a short exhortation, I feel a very uncomfortable sort of awe creep over me. The rustle of that ancient lavender silk dress of the housekeeper, as she sits on a sort of throne by herself, crisps my nerves. I can feel the eyes of the butler upon me, and that he is, in his mind, calling me a humbug and a hypocrite. I pity the young grooms and maids, who are shy, awkward, and uncomfortable. I give a sigh of relief as the "rear" turns, and gives me a full view of the noble and rotund proportions of Mrs. Stores. I don't know why I should do it—I should have thought they had plenty of praying in church: but they are my instructions, and I obey.

No doubt it's wrong, but it does amuse

me to see them troop in according to their rank and precedence, in which order they sit down. Who settles the questions of precedence? Casserole is not of the reformed religion, and does not attend. I suppose he would take the *pas* of the butler. But would he? The coachman also appears more humble than I should have thought would be the case, from his usual lofty position. Which is the greater swell—the laundry or the kitchen-maid? How much has been written on their supposed habits—and how little correctly, I will venture to add! Who rules—the little tyrant of the kitchen? How I should like to assume plush, and pass a month in the servants' hall! How I would worm the secrets out of that sleek Mr. Spoons, and trace the various channels through which spoil is conveyed! What secret hoards has he, and where? I was in Throgmorton-street one day on business, and I saw him come out of a broker's office. What are his favourite investments? Perhaps he can put me on to a good thing in time-bargains. And is he content with one-eighth profit?

These are fair speculations into which to enter—for how little we know the feelings, manners, and habits of those who are actually the arbitrators of our comfort or discomfort! The servants of the present day are, for some reason, distinct types from those of our fathers. I never see any butlers now like old Growler—that is, before Aunt Rachel corrupted him.

He must have been five and thirty or forty years in the family—and when young, a tall, handsome man. He was very dark; so dark, that when he got gray, it was an iron-gray, barely perceptible. His linen was always marvellously washed, and kept in perfect order. He wore frills to all his shirts. Five gold studs—jewellery was his weakness—secured by little chains between each, were placed at equal distances down the front. On the right hand side of the top stud was what looked like a piece of mud, about the size of a half-crown. This was a brooch, containing the hair of his deceased wife, used on ordinary occasions. On days of festivity, it was supplemented by one double the size, encrusted with large pearls. He was much troubled with corns, which excrescences he wore in great profusion on the soles of his feet—and were also a constant source of expense to him, as he was continually consulting eminent

chiroprudists, with no results: these spoilt his temper, which was at times perfectly fiendish. When I first left Oxford, I wasn't allowed a latch-key, because Aunt Rachel was afraid of burglars; and thought that, if I was to lose it in the streets, whoever picked it up would at once know that it belonged to our house, and rob it the same night. So, as I was a gay young spark, and took my pleasure very freely, rarely returning from balls, or the Fly-by-nights, or club, till the milkman clattered about the square, Mr. Growler was not at all in a pleasant humour when summoned out of his warm bunk by a dissipated young man, whom he had known as a baby.

"Pretty time to come home, indeed. Might as well have waited till breakfast. I won't stand it, darned if I do. I'll have nothing more to do with this — old castle."

He always called the house the castle, and I don't know why.

However, the row used to wake my father from his dreams of protocols, who used to put his venerable head over the bannister—encased in a white night-cap with a tassel at the top, which always excited my irreverent laughter—to ask what was the noise all about. Then Aunt Rachel began to scream at imaginary burglars: and as this took place, on an average, five nights a week during the season, Growler and I at last compounded. He slept the sleep of the undisturbed, and I kept my vigils without having to encounter the wrathful Growler on my return.

When the family was away and the house shut up, it was a tremendous offence if any one dared to ring the front door bell, and inquire for any member. I had a very severe passage of arms with him on one occasion, arising from the above antipathy. A young diplomatist, a friend of mine, who had just returned from his Legation, in September, called to see if I was in town. I was abroad, and Growler knew it.

"Mr. Gorham at home, Growler?"

"No!"

"Is he in town?"

"NO!" he roared.

"Where is he?"

"I don't know. In prison, may be!"

He got a very severe wiggling for this from my father, especially when he heard it was a member of his own profession to whom Growler had misbehaved him-

self. Then, poor old fellow, came the drinking business. I remember being perfectly astounded, on my return home from the country house where I had been spending my Christmas, and standing by the dining-room fire to warm myself before I went up to dress, at seeing Growler enter with the lamp in his arms, and make three pirouettes with it before he could place it on the table, exclaiming—

"Well, Marsha Gorham—heresh row in cashel."

It went on for some time without being discovered by my father; but his drunkenness took such an eccentric turn. He would be drunk for three or four days, and not touch a drop of strong liquor for three or four months. At last it came out. My father didn't know what to do with him. He couldn't keep him, and couldn't turn him out into the streets. Growler seemed fated to pass his life in diplomacy. A cousin of mine, who was going to some South American Legation, offered to take him, if he would only promise to be sober whenever he gave any of his state dinners; with the further assurance that, with those exceptions, he might be drunk whenever he liked. He went out, and for six months he was as sober as possible. Unluckily, one night my cousin gave a dinner to the other foreign representatives. Growler was drunk on that occasion, and remained so for a week. When he recovered he was sent home again, and consoled himself with marriage, taking unto himself a young lady of the tender age of seventeen, just about fifty years younger than himself. I don't think it turned out happily, and a separation ensued, when Growler very quietly drank himself to death.

But, at all events, Growler was an honest, respectable, trustworthy fellow, who had unfortunately allowed one vice to overtake him, when he thought he had passed the distance post of temptation. Let us compare him with a remarkable young gentleman, who was my factotum before I succeeded to my present fortune.

Mr. Charles Smiler was the worthy son of a still more worthy father. Mr. Smiler, senior, had discovered in the pocket of his master a compromising letter from a married lady. This he stole; and taking it to the lady, proposed selling it to her for three hundred pounds. This very handsome offer she declined, so Mr. Smiler found a pur-

chaser in the husband. Hence the intervention of my Lord Penzance, and the usual scandals and miseries. His master, of course, kicked him—I believe, literally—out of the house; and, when the establishment was broken up, he recommended me Master Charles as an excellent servant—thinking that he was not to be held responsible for any share in his father's guilt. For some time, he appeared to go on very steadily; and, in truth, I never saw a better servant. One day I happened to go into the pantry, when I saw several numbers of a penny sporting paper lying about.

"What is the meaning of these, Charles? I hope you don't bet."

"Lor', sir, not I. I only take them for the chesses and knurr and spell, of which I am very fond."

I was not quite convinced; and sent all my plate, but that in actual use, to my bankers.

Some time afterwards, Mrs. G. complained to me that he had been following Swift's "Directions to Servants," inasmuch as, when sent on messages, he stayed out longer than the message required—"perhaps two, four, six, or eight hours, or some such trifle"—especially if sent in the morning; and sometimes absented himself altogether without leave. He began to throw off the mask; and whenever a certain friend of mine used to call—who is supposed to be a great authority in sporting matters—he used surreptitiously to ask him for tips: What horse was good for the Derby? if he knew of a dark 'un for the Ascot Stakes? and so on. Still the spoons were not missing, and I winked at his doings. On one Ascot Cup day, I gave a dinner party. As he was handing tea round, he said to my wife—who was sitting next to a lady of rank—

"All right, mum—Blair Athol has won the Cup!"

(By the way, I may be doing his generally correct information injustice in naming Blair Athol, as I am not a racing man, and have not the slightest idea whether that horse ever did win; but it does not affect the story.)

Her ladyship had her glasses up to her eyes in an instant, and said to my wife—every syllable very strongly accentuated—

"What a ve-ry ex-tra-or-din-ar-r-ry young man!"

He escaped with a wiggling; but the fact was, he had a recipe for varnish of marvel-

lous brilliancy, the secret of which he would not impart, else had I dismissed him instantly. My boots were the envy and admiration of the club. I will confess to my gentle public that I have a weakness—every great man has—and that is *boots*. I like them well made, well fitting, and well varnished.

"Always remember, my dear boy," used to say my poor old grandmother, who often spoke the words of wisdom, "to have your extremities well dressed. Spend your money on the best hats, the best gloves, and the best boots; and so long as"—what she called—"the intermediates are not threadbare, you will always be the best dressed man in England!"

I couldn't part with him, not even when—Well, I had better be candid; such things have happened in the best regulated families. The fact is, he became fired with the—I wish I could say laudable—ambition to hand down his name, and probably his recipe for varnish, to posterity. I should not have objected so much to this, if he had resorted to legitimate methods to secure his object; but I presume, or I love to believe, that he was in such haste to obtain these advantages, that he forgot them—and, subsequently, to marry the very pretty nursemaid who was an accomplice in his designs.

However, punishment, with her lame foot, shortly overtook him. My wife sent him out one morning, and he didn't return to lunch. At seven in the evening, the servants hadn't seen him. At half-past, I went down to the cellar to get the wine for dinner, and as I got inside the door I stumbled over something and nearly fell, and put out the candle. It was the body of Charles, drunk and incapable, on the floor. And, sir, will you believe it? That heartless young scoundrel—that depraved miscreant, to whom I had been so kind, and whose faults I had so often overlooked—I repeat, that heartless young scoundrel had been tasting samples of my choicest vintages, for which I had ransacked the cellars of the Continent. Never shall I forget my feelings when, clutched in the hand of the ungrateful and drunken little wretch, I found a bottle of Chambertin, thirty years old—the priceless ruby of my bins. How did he get there? I searched his pockets, and found a counter-part of the key of the cellar; of which, no doubt, he had taken a copy when, in a weak moment of confidence, I had entrusted him

with it to fetch the wine. I went upstairs for my riding whip, and on my return belaboured him with it till I had restored him sufficiently to his senses to make him understand that he was to leave the house immediately, and not to apply to me for a character.

I found out afterwards where he used to go to. He frequented the betting ring there used to be in Hyde Park. The last time I saw him he was numbered 13,691, and was conductor of an omnibus—no doubt, a respectable, and, indeed, responsible, but still inferior position.

Dear, dear! how the subject has run away with me. Here am I, nearly at the end of my space, and I have given specimens of a butler and a footman. Is no time to be devoted to my favourite aversion, the lady's-maid? Shall the coachman, from his coign of vantage, boast that he escapes scatheless? And the kitchen-maid, and the gamekeeper, and the housekeeper, and the female cook: they can merely pass before you in a vision, called up by the enchanter's—my—wand.

There is, however, one servant I must not leave out—because, although she receives wages, she is the tyrant of the whole establishment. She is the old nurse. Everybody is afraid of her except the children, whom she evidently considers her own, and not their mother's. Her dignity is awful; and I should just like to see you offer her hashed mutton for dinner. She is faithful and devoted to her mistress and the children, as long as she has her own way. It is better not to trust her with money. If you send her out with a sovereign to buy six-pennyworth of stamps, she will spend the 19s. 6d. in toys or other necessaries, and say, when remonstrated with—

"Why, poor Miss Dottie has not had a new doll for a fortnight; and I promised Master Frank a box of soldiers ever so long ago."

"Oh, Hannah!" observes Mrs. G., meekly, "I wish you would not be so extravagant. The children have plenty of toys, and I really can't afford it."

"Well, mum, if you grudges them, poor dears, I'll pay for them myself; so there, take back your 19s. 6d."

Or else it is—

"Hannah, just dress Master Hugh. I am going to take him a walk—it's such a lovely day."

"I'm sure, mum, you aint a-going to do

no such thing. Dr. Macdraught says he's not to go out in this east wind."

"But, my good woman, the wind is southwest. Look at the weathercock!"

"Don't tell me—just as if I don't know better than a parcel of weathercocks!"

So east it is, and Master Hugh does not go for a walk.

One word to the ladies, and especially country ladies, before I close. Cannot you do something towards training boys and girls to be good servants? Have Polly Pumpkin into your kitchen two or three times a-week, and teach her how to boil a potato and broil a chop. Tommy Spoggs, from the plough, may attend the lectures of your butler at the same time. Let a grid-iron and a duster be part of the implements of your national schools. Teach them to sew and be clean: it will be of far more use to them than the absurdity of drumming into their stupid brains the situation on the map of Heligoland.

THE WORD JURY DENOTES, in short, an institution so commonly known and so sacredly regarded as a sort of palladium of British liberty—namely, *Trial by Jury*—that we shall say a word or two concerning what is known of its origin among us. Perhaps we should rather say that our remarks would take the form of a speculation about the origin and growth of trial by jury; for of the early history of this method of deciding disputed questions of fact, very little is known accurately. In our research, we soon get into the far-back ages of fog and mist, where history gropes her way with faltering and uncertain step. There is, in fact, no means of discovering when trial by jury began in England. Juries sat to try cases in Henry II.'s time. Now, what were Henry II.'s juries like? It is a matter of the purest conjecture. We cannot say, and we cannot find out. The growth of trial by jury has probably been a gradual process. Its origin was, with little room for doubt, as follows:—In the early times of our own history, a small number of men lived together: they constituted a tithing, or a larger number a hundred. Now, these names have no sensible meaning, if we regard

their ancient meaning: they denote merely the limits of topographical boundaries, the space within those limits. Then, they really meant an association of ten families in a tithing, or a hundred families in a hundred. A man committed a crime in a hundred, say. He wishes to purge himself of his imputed guilt. His jury, by whom he was tried, were the men of his own hundred: they knew every act of his life—his incoming, his out-going, his innocence, or his guilt; they constituted the jury by which he was tried; and the peculiarity of their case was that they tried the cause, having a complete previous knowledge of all the facts. Herein lies one chief difference between our ancient and our modern jury. While the jurors of early times possessed a full knowledge of all the facts of the case, the modern twelve—"good men and true"—are men caught haphazard in the streets; we may say, men who are supposed to be perfectly innocent of any knowledge of the facts of the case they are to try until they hear the evidence. After hearing that evidence, they tell the judge what they think about it. It has not been for so very long a period that the fear of a packed jury has ceased in England; and in the last century a celebrated judge said it was one of the highest feats of constitutional government to get twelve honest men into a jury box. It is thus established that a modern juror is the very opposite of the old jurymen: for the one entered upon a trial, in all cases, with a knowledge of the facts of the case; the other, as a rule, knows nothing of them until they are disclosed in evidence. And this knowledge possessed by the old jurors was a matter of necessity. Take the case, for example, of a small village nowadays. Everybody knows everybody else's business; and, if the men of the village tried the criminal themselves, ignorance of facts and freedom from prejudice would be alike impossible.

BUT HOW FAR THESE ancient trials proceeded before all parties got tired of the affair, and threw the game up to rush off to settle the case by trial by ordeal, or trial by wager of battle, it is of course impossible to determine. What their form of procedure was we do not know; but, as far as the juries are concerned, we may safely infer their origin as dated above; and we see their gradual extension from the men of the

tithings and hundred to those of the vicintum or vicinage—in fact, drawing the jurymen from a larger area. Their proceedings, in fact, seem to have been with the object of "purging" the man—that is, coming forward to swear to his character. Their criminal trial proceeded, apparently, something like a modern preliminary police inquiry—learning all they could of a man's character from his neighbours. There was, in the early feudal times, a system of guarantee. The tithing-man was to a certain extent answerable for the men of his tithing, and so on. A. B. guaranteed the good conduct of C. D. People living together were answerable for one another; and when one was charged with a crime, the others came forward to swear to his character. The criminal had to purge himself of his guilt among the set he lived in. As to the evidence given at these trials, a complication arises from our ignorance of the value of that evidence. Every man's oath had a value, differing according to his status in society. In fact, they had a line, and all above it were white, and all below, black sheep. Thus, the king's oath was above all question—he could not be wrong; the lord's was—to speak within the mark—at least forty times as trustworthy as the vassal's; the freeman's evidence was taken and believed, or not, according to circumstances; but the serf was such an indifferently honest rascal that he could not be believed at all, and so his evidence was not allowed to be taken.

OUR ANCESTORS SOLVED the question of short weight among cheating tradesmen in a very practical and salutary fashion, which might well be revived without much harm:—"Was seized, in or about Covent-garden, a large quantity of bread; which, being carried and weighed before Sir Thomas de Veil, and found deficient in weight, was, pursuant to the statute, forfeited to the poor, and accordingly given them."



PROFESSOR HUXLEY is one of the greatest speechmakers at the London School Board, except, perhaps, Mr. Lucraft, the working man's representative. But the Professor is, at the same time, a man of genius and learning; therefore, what he has to say is worth listening to, even if we do not at times altogether agree with him. In one of his speeches the other day, he propounded a dictum which has certainly the merit of novelty, but which is, nevertheless, open to much difference of opinion. His theory was, that English and Italian boys have a greater aptitude for learning than the boys of any other nation. Now, if we may be allowed to judge the cleverness of boys by the fruits which they bear as men, this is hardly complimentary, and, we think, hardly just, to a few other nations which lay claim to having produced a fair proof of average intelligence among their sons from time to time. It is a standing joke against the Spaniards, that travellers in the Peninsula are perpetually bored with the praises of Cervantes and his immortal "Don Quixote;" and the reason suggested is, that they have no other great literary name


worth boasting much about. Certain it is, that they are very much behindhand in the supply of great men of letters, as compared with the other nations of Europe. As patriotic Britons, we, of course, readily accept the first place for ourselves. But why the Italians should take the precedence of in-born intelligence over the rest of their Continental neighbours we do not exactly understand. We think the French have produced as many great men of intellect as the Italians, if not more. In the number of mathematicians—whom some people consider as the truest representatives of brain power—they are, undoubtedly, far beyond

others. We have beaten them with our own Sir Isaac Newton; but nevertheless, taken all in all, they are the most mathematical nation in Europe. We think, also, in the fields of poetry, the drama, and art, they have shown a fair share of worthy representatives. Again, are we to forget the Germans? The popular idea is, that they are the most studious people in the world; and that every German boy is a doctor in embryo, and a philosopher from his cradle. Professor Huxley is great in comparative history; and astonished us all when, following up Mr. Darwin, in his theory of natural selection, he proved that, after all, we are only something like a great improvement upon our original ancestor, the gorilla. In his "Evidence as to Man's Place in Nature," he treats very learnedly and curiously on the difference of the human skull formation through succeeding ages. Possibly his new theory may depend upon evidence he has acquired by examination as to the relative brain power of the boys of the different nationalities. Anyhow, his notion is likely to arouse an interesting discussion.

OLD SCARLETT, SEXTON AND DOG-WHIPPER.

ONE of our clerical contemporaries recently contained the following remarks:—"A few weeks ago mention was made of some bequest to the person whose office it was 'to whip dogs out of church;' and the question was asked, whether any of our readers knew of any similar case. The Curate of Wensley, Yorkshire, writes:—"In looking over our churchwarden's accounts from the year 1730, I see the sum of "5s. allowed for whipping dogs out of church." In the years 1742, 1751, 1753, and again, so much—I forget now what—"for new whip for dog-whipper." Amongst other entries is the following, in the year 1731:—"For providing rushes, and strawing them in the church as often as proper, 2s. 6d.;" and an allowance is made out of the rate for foxes' and otters' heads, as late as the year 1800. Our "dog-whipper" is now the "door-keeper;" but his whip—if he had it—would still often be of use, especially at the funerals of Dalesmen. Strangely enough, I never see dogs on a Sunday; and yet, as a rule, shepherd dogs are never fastened up."



 In searching into old parochial registers and churchwardens' accounts, we have frequently met with notices of the "dog-whipper," and the sums paid to him; and, with regard to the last sentence in the extract just quoted, we may say that, in the

pastoral district of the Cheviots, as well as in Scotland, we have frequently attended the church services, and have seen the shepherds' dogs walk with their masters into the pews, and there remain till the close of the service, without transgressing the bounds

of propriety. Sir Edwin Landseer painted a picture of this very subject, showing the Highland shepherd, with his dog, at kirk. It was called, if we remember rightly, "The Highland Shepherd's Sabbath."

But shepherds' dogs are amongst the most intelligent of their race, and know how to behave themselves during Divine service. It was far different with stray curs and vagrant dogs, who intruded into churches and cathedrals, and made themselves obnoxious

to the worshippers by their rude manners and vulgar inquisitiveness. It was to repel them from the consecrated building that the dog-whipper was appointed; and he carried his whip as his peculiar badge of office, just in the same way that the silver wand is borne by

"The verger who walks before the Dean."

A very excellent and noteworthy illustration of this is seen in the large life-size



PORTRAIT OF OLD SCARLETT.

picture of Robert Scarlett that hangs in the nave of Peterborough Cathedral, against the western wall. It is strangely out of place in that position; and it would be far better if it were added to the National Portrait Collection, to which it would be a valuable and characteristic addition. Robert Scarlett, or, as he is familiarly termed, "Old Scarlett," was the sexton of Peterborough, and died at the age of ninety-eight, July the 2nd,

1591, having buried two generations of the townspeople, and two Queens—Katharine of Arragon, wife of Henry VIII., and Mary, Queen of Scots. In the picture, Old Scarlett wears a red skull-cap, his coat and trunk hose are dusky red, his stockings blue, and he wears blue ribands to his red-soled shoes. In his right hand he holds a spade, in his left a bunch of five keys. Against a pillar are his mattock and a skull. High up

in the left hand corner are the arms of the See. He wears a belt round his waist, in which belt is tucked his dog-whip. The following lines are placed below the picture:—

"You see old Scarlett's picture stand on hie;
But, at your feet, here doth his body lye.
His gravestone doth his age and death-time shew,
His office by heis tokens you may know.
Second to none for strength and sturdy lymm,
A scare-babe mighty voice with visage grim;
He had interd two queenes within this place
And this townes householders in his life's space
Twice over, but at length his own time came,
What he for others did, for him the same
Was done; no doubt his soule doth live for aye,
In heaven, though here his body clad in claye."

In agreement with this versical description, the painting represents him tall and powerful, and with a grim, stern countenance. Yet, in Chambers' "Book of Days" (ii., 17), where a woodcut is given of the picture, it has been so very incorrectly copied that the writer of the descriptive letterpress, who evidently had not seen the original, and only knew it through the woodcut, says:—"What a lively effigy! short, stout, hardy, and self-complacent, perfectly satisfied, and perhaps even proud of his profession." As to the dog-whip which is so very prominent in the picture, although

the writer says that it is not so, he seems puzzled, and observes:—"A droll circumstance, not very prominent in Scarlett's portrait, is his wearing a short whip under his girdle. Why should a sexton be invested with such an article?—the writer has not the least doubt that old Robert required a whip to keep off the boys while engaged in his professional operations. The curiosity of boys regarding graves and funerals is one of their most irrepressible passions. Every gravedigger who works in a churchyard open to the public knows this well by troublesome experience."

So entirely has the writer in the "Book of Days" misunderstood the subject which he was volunteering to explain!—his explanation being as erroneous as the engraving by which it is accompanied. We give a correct engraving of the curious picture of Old Scarlett, with his dog-whip and sexton's paraphernalia; and if it be compared with the woodcut in the "Book of Days," the many errors of the latter will be at once apparent. Besides those already mentioned, there is the introduction of a shadow to the handle of the matlock, the absence of Scarlett's right thumb, and the transformation of the four daggers on the shield into four shamrocks.

A CORRESPONDENT sends us a long sentence in cypher beginning AGDM-AHFSTROC, and running to the extent of some eight or nine lines of similar hieroglyphical and unpronounceable words. His reason for doing so is thus stated:—"In a recent number of our magazine, a correspondent sends you a translation of two very suggestive cyphers extracted from a newspaper; and expresses his opinion that human ingenuity can invent no system of cryptography which cannot be deciphered by a like ingenuity." He then proceeds to remark that the specimen he sends "presents more difficulty to the translator than those with which your corre-

spondent furnished you; but he will, doubtless, be equally able to give the solution." We may at once thank our correspondent for forwarding us the cypher, the key to which, very likely, he alone possesses; but let us also combat the assumption apparently existent in his mind, that we keep a gentleman on our staff with nothing else to do but to decipher hieroglyphics. Such is not the case. We gave a key to the two sentences of cyphers which appeared in the *Times* with two objects, first to exhibit the fact that these cyphers, ingeniously contrived, were translatable by a like ingenuity, provided they proceeded on some regular principles. Secondly, that if the scoundrels who alone understood those cyphers, as they thought, did chance to see one of the many copies of papers which quoted, as we had expected, our translation, then the cause of right in the abstract might gain something from such an exposition. Doubtless, the meaning of all such cyphers can, with a great display of patience and ingenuity, be unravelled; but, with all courtesy, we decline to accept the task.

THE SENTENCE in the Queen's Speech having reference to the approaching marriage of her daughter was very short:—"In turning to domestic affairs, I have first to inform you that I have approved a marriage between my daughter and the Marquis of Lorne; and I have declared my consent to this union in Council." Like most official and authoritative statements, it conveys no news; but only the confirmation of news long since the property of all the world. When, however, at the proper time the House of Commons considers the proposition of giving a dowry to the Princess, there will probably be some dissentient votes, if there are no dissentient voices, as more members than one stand pledged to their constituents to vote against the grant. The Princess Louise, whose long residence amongst us, amiable disposition, and great talents have rendered her one of the most popular members of the Royal family, seems to be the last Royal lady in the world who should be sent to the house of her husband dowerless; yet there is among the masses, in certain constituencies, a feeling of objection to the nation paying the usual £6,000 a-year in her case. Why? The marriage is universally popular. The Princess is to live amongst us. Why, then, this opposition to the customary grant? It seems to arise from a notion that the taxpayers pay all the money that goes for the maintenance of the Queen's Civil List, without receiving any equivalent for it. The sooner the error is corrected the better. The Crown lands were given up by the Sovereign, on the undertaking of the nation that it would pay a sufficient annual sum to defray all the charges of Royalty in return. Can we, then, honestly even, step aside from our bargain? But of this bargain, the people who, at political meetings, try to make their representatives promise to vote against the grant to the Princess Louise, are ignorant. The

national account with the Queen stands thus:—For the Civil List of her Majesty the Queen, £456,000; Prince of Wales, £113,587; other Princes and Princesses, £82,600; total, £652,187. The income we get is:—From Crown lands, £336,000; Duchy of Lancaster, £31,000; Duchy of Cornwall, £63,587; total, £430,587. But if the Crown lands were in private hands, it is our belief that in a few years they would produce a revenue equal in amount to the expenditure for the maintenance of Royal state.

WE ARE TO HAVE an International Exhibition this year at South Kensington, and yearly for ever after, it appears, from the statement to that effect made by her Majesty's Commissioners, and the inference to be derived from the permanent character of the buildings. The edifice is in the decorated Italian style, with mouldings, cornices, columns, and courses in buff-coloured terra-cotta; the brickwork being of the hard red Fareham bricks, so as to match the garden architecture, and harmonize with the new Museum buildings, which are rising in front of them. The terra-cotta and red Fareham bricks are more durable against the stress of a London winter than even granite. The building is capable of holding about fifty thousand persons. Briefly, the objects the Commissioners have in view are as follow:—They propose, in the first place, to make an International Exhibition a permanent institution of the country, giving to industrial art the same opportunity that is afforded to fine art by the annual exhibitions of the Royal Academy. In the second place, they produce the area over which the exhibition shall spread itself, by reducing the various industries into groups, and, taking certain of these each year, bring the entire industry of the country under review every seven or eight years, fine art being a standing division of the programme. And, in the third place, to restrict the conditions under which exhibits have hitherto been received, by making all articles undergo a preliminary sifting, through appointed committees of selection, thus excluding all works that do not possess sufficient artistic merit to warrant their exhibition, and by the further exclusion of mere masses of natural products. The manufactures exhibited this year will be woollens and pottery, in addition to fine art of every description.

of pea-soup they called "the bath." But the rustic population generally do not wash too often or too largely. A country correspondent recently sent us this anecdote of a conversation which had just taken place in her own parish:—Gentleman to small village boy in his employ: "Your face is very dirty, Scroggins, my boy. How often do you wash it?" Scroggins, with the perfect ingenuousness of rustic manners: "How often, sir? I allus wash myself once a wick, whether I wants or whether I doan't!" "Once a wick," it may be explained, is young Scroggins for "once a week." Now, when a virtuous and truth-telling boy like Giles Scroggins confessedly loves honest soap and water so little, that he washes himself only on one day in the week, how can it be expected that old and hardened casuals should like the process any better? Therefore, by all means, let workhouse authorities who are overburdened with applications for bed and breakfast insist, as a preliminary condition, upon the warm bath.

IN OUR NOTE upon Gad's Hill (p. 150, vol. vii.), we state that the landlord of a certain public-house "has hung out the Plough, with 'late Sir John Falstaff.'" A correspondent, "in middle-class life," writes:—"For the last twenty years the old sign in words has been restored, and is there now. I have spent many an hour there, when the daughters of Mr. Edwin Trood, the landlord, were my schoolfellows." The name is curious: a modification of the landlord's name in spelling—scarcely in sound, when pronounced by a country tongue—having been taken by Dickens for his last and unfinished story, "The Mystery of Edwin Drood." This will give us the origin of one of Dickens's "queer" names, of which some critics have made more than a mystery, asserting that he cut strange names in two, and joined head and tail, after the manner that Horace condemns in another art. Pickwick, Snodgrass, Winkle, and Weller, Tupman, Nickleby, and even Crisparkle, are to be found, with many others of his names, in London directories.



THE BRIGHTON PAPERS are filled with splendid accounts of a *bal masqué* held in that town; but the masquerade is gradually becoming a thing of the past. Some idea, however, may be gained from the following as to the manner in which they were carried out a hundred years ago:—"About ten in the evening, the masquerade opened at Mrs. Cornely's, in Soho. Among the company were the following characters:—A friar, with an excellent mask, and a well-dressed lady abbeys; two ladies, in crimped crape, the materials not poorer than the fancy; a Spaniard, in scarlet satin, with brown fur edgings, had a good effect, though improper for his climate; a madman, with a four-square hat ornamented with straw: his woollen mantle had the nine of diamonds on the shoulder, and to his belt hung a large horn—in his company was often seen an honest serjeant-at-law taking briefs without taking fees; a pretty milkmaid with her pail, in company with a high-dressed mask, arm in arm; two jolly sailors in quest of company; a hussar, in green, with silver-heeled shoes; a shepherd, in green and white, all riband and flutters; a simple conjuror, known by his long beard and wand; a watchman, with candle and lantern, crying past twelve o'clock; three comical devils, very tempting, and two dry devils that every one avoided.



SHROVE TUESDAY.

IN our childhood, the name of Shrove Tuesday is impressed upon our memories chiefly by reason of the smoking dish of pancakes which, in most families, it is customary to place on the dinner table that day. But, as we grow older, and our love of gastronomy decreases—or, at all events, is *supposed* to decrease—under the influence of the "march of intellect," we become aware of the fact that Shrove Tuesday has other associations besides the mere consumption of delicately fried mixtures of eggs, flour, and water.

The title "Shrove" is bestowed upon the Tuesday previous to the first day of Lent,

because it was formerly the custom for Roman Catholics to confess their sins on that day, and to be "shrove," or absolved from them. After confession and absolution, they were allowed to enter into any sports which might be going on; but they were ordered to refrain from meat. And it was, probably, owing to this circumstance that the custom of eating pancakes on Shrove Tuesday was established.

"In 1445," says a writer on this subject, "Simon Eyre, Lord Mayor of London, commenced the practice of giving a pancake to the apprentices of the city on this day; and the custom was continued by several of his successors." And, again, another writer observes that "the pancake and Shrove Tuesday are inextricably associated in the popular mind, and in old literature. Before being eaten, there was always a great deal of contention among the eaters, to see which could most adroitly toss them in the pan. . . . In the time of Elizabeth, it was a practice at Eton for the cook to fasten a pancake to a crow" (the ancient equivalent of the knocker) "upon the school door." And he also states, that "at Westminster School, the following custom is observed to this day. At eleven o'clock a.m., a verger of the Abbey, in his gown, bearing a silver bâton, emerges from the college kitchen, followed by the cook of the school, in his white apron, jacket, and cap, and carrying a pancake. On arriving at the school-room door, he announces himself—'The Cook;' and having entered the school-room, he advances to the bar which separates the upper school from the lower one, twirls the pancake in the pan, and then tosses it over the bar into the upper school, among a crowd of boys, who scramble for the pancake; and he who gets it unbroken, and carries it to the Deanery, demands the honorarium of a guinea (sometimes two guineas) from the Abbey funds—though the custom is not mentioned in the Abbey statutes. The cook also receives two guineas for his performance."

In the days of "auld lang syne," Shrove Tuesday was celebrated with various games and amusements; some of them, shameful to say, being barbarous and cruel in the extreme, and far more suitable for ignorant savages than for the enlightened inhabitants of Great Britain. Bull-baiting and cock-fighting were amongst these sports; and I have read that, in some of the public schools in Scotland, "cock-fights regularly took place

on Fasten's E'en"—as Shrove Tuesday is called by our northern friends—"till the middle of the eighteenth century, the master presiding at the battle, and enjoying the perquisites of all the runaway cocks;" and that, in the year 1796, "cock-fight dues" formed no inconsiderable part of the schoolmaster's income in Applecross, in Ross-shire. And not only were cocks tortured by being made to fight, and by being tied to stakes, and having broomsticks thrown at them, till death put the poor creatures out of their misery, but "hens were also the subjects of popular amusement at this festival. It was customary in Cornwall to take any one which had not laid eggs before Shrove Tuesday, and lay it on a barn floor to be thrashed to death. A man hit at her with a flail; and, if he succeeded in killing her therewith, he got her for his pains!"

Well, well! a great deal is often written, said, and sung, and many sighs are breathed over what people call "good old times," and "good old customs;" but surely something may be urged in favour of the present day, when the cruel pastime of torturing poor defenceless creatures is no longer an established custom, but is very properly regarded as an offence in the eye of the law, and punished accordingly.

But it is only fair to say that *all* the sports with which Shrove Tuesday was honoured in bygone days were not of a barbarous nature. Football was one of the favourite diversions; and I believe this game is still kept up as a celebration of "Fasten's E'en" in Scotland. In some parts of England, the village boys used to provide themselves with bits of broken crockery, glass, and other rubbish; and, with a captain at their head, go round in parties from house to house, singing the following lines:—

"A-shrovin', a-shrovin'!
I be come a-shrovin'!
A piece of bread, a piece of cheese,
A bit of your fat bacon,
Or a dish of dough-nuts,
All of your own makin'!

A-shrovin', a-shrovin'!
I be come a-shrovin'!
Nice meat in a pie;
My mouth is very dry!
I wish a wuz zoo well-a-wet,
I'd zing the louder for a nut!"

If no attention was paid to these decidedly broad hints, the mutilated remains of the plates, mugs, jugs, and basins were

forthwith thrown, with much energy, against the door of the house wherein dwelt the person or persons who seemed so determined to impress upon the minds of the singers the truth of the old adage which says that "none are so deaf as those who *won't* hear;" but doubtless, as a general rule, "a piece of bread, a piece of cheese," or a mug or two of "mild home-brewed," was bestowed upon the impromptu choir, in recognition of the fact that Shrove-tide, as well as Christmas, "comes but once a year." This practice of singing from house to house went by the name of "Lent Crocking."

Various other customs and sports were formerly in vogue on Shrove Tuesday; but I will not dilate upon them, but bring this paper to a conclusion, fearing that further descriptions would be deemed unnecessary and wearisome by the readers of ONCE A WEEK.

AT RIPON, SIR HENRY STORKS won his election, but also a rather unusual display of party favours. We read that, on his appearance after the close of the poll, he was assailed with missiles of all sorts, and that "several persons were hit by stones, sticks, *snowballs*, and other articles." Now, February the 16th, in London, was a very mild day; and with so much warmth displayed, both by Whigs and Tories, one would have thought that even at Ripon the temperature was not cold enough for snow to be on the ground, and snowballs to be made. Probably, the *Times* reporter was too much excited at the return of a Government candidate to be very accurate in his description of what took place. This is not unusual at an English election. Here, however, is an instance of English pluck and good temper worthy of record. "Stones the size of a man's fist, with sharp, jagged edges, were continually thrown about;" and "one stone struck Sir H. Storks on the shoulder. He caught it, held it up before the multitude, and then coolly pocketed it." Bravo, Sir Henry! Done like an Englishman!

